



YOUTH

JANUARY 18, 1970

Washingtonians raise money by hiking 24 miles

Black Baptist president is interviewed

"School is for somebody, but not for me!"

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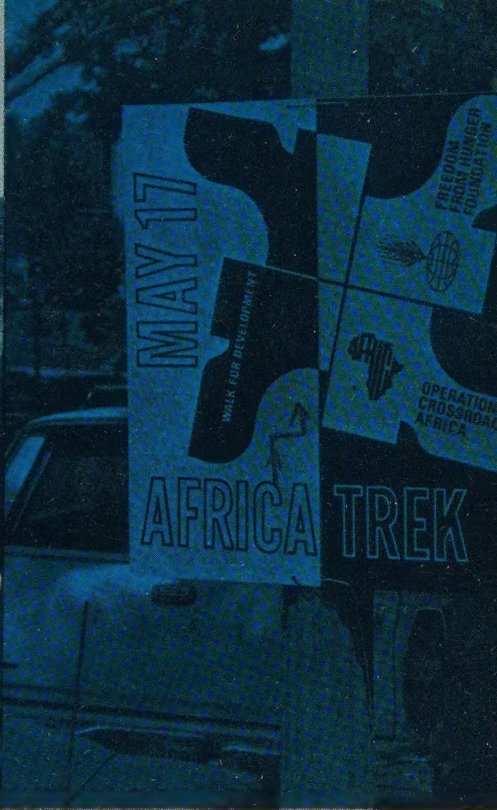
Pacific School of Religion



AFRICA TRE

*"The mayor of Washington, D.C.
sent us off on our hike with the
challenge: 'What everybody wants
in the American Dream is a piece
of the action.' . . . We got a piece
of the action that day"*

TEXT BY ARNETT J. HOLLOWAY
PHOTOS BY EILEEN AHRENHOLZ



A walk for understanding

Americans who care about the problems that beset our society sometimes complain that there are not enough opportunities for the public to participate in finding genuine and meaningful solutions. American youth have also done a substantial amount of complaining about the deficiencies of our society. Some have exhibited an equal willingness to work at bringing about the essential changes.

The American Freedom From Hunger Foundation gives conscientious members of the community an opportunity to earn money to fight poverty.

In May, 1969, the foundation sponsored a "Walk for Development" in Washington, D.C. The object of the 24-mile hike was to raise money for the poor in Washington and for high school delegates who would take a trip to

Youth /

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Africa to learn and work. Exactly 42.5% of the proceeds from the walk would be used in the Washington metropolitan area, and 42.5% would send the students to Africa. The Freedom From Hunger Foundation would receive only 15%. Participating Washingtonians discovered that the Africa Trek was an exciting and ingenious way to involve students and adults in raising money for their immediate community and for distant countries in Africa.

The Africa Trek caused great excitement at the National Cathedral School for Girls and their brother school, St. Albans. Information about the trek arrived through Miss Gale Lawrence, the junior English teacher at the girls' school. The year was growing old,

and students had become impatient with the apathy and lack of constructive social opportunities.

Students began to take personal interest in the campaign. Wendy Mink publicized the Walk for Development at Cathedral School. She distributed "trek cards" to the future hikers to record the names and addresses of those persons who sponsored the individual hiker for each mile that he or she walked. The campaign became even more tangible when Mary Ann French, a senior at our school, and John Farmer, a junior at our brother school, were accepted as delegates for the trip to Africa.

Students unable to attend the walk pledged their classmates cents for each mile completed when the big day came. After

noons after school were spent convincing the man-on-the-street that he should pledge a quarter for each mile that some ambitious student would walk. Some people pledged money enthusiastically assuming that we students could walk only four or five of the 24 miles. We smiled and acquiesced politely when a few people of means pledged us a dollar a mile . . . after all, most of us had no notion of what walking even ten miles entailed. We calculated if 20 of us walked all the way for a dollar a mile, our sponsors would have to pay us \$24 each, or a majestic total of \$480!

As the names of sponsors and the number of pledges increased, the excitement rose among those of the faculty and student body

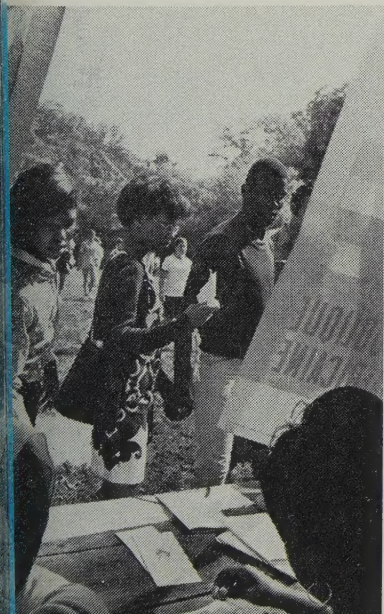
who planned to walk. The more sponsors I listed on my cards, the less walking I would have to do to earn money for the project, or so I thought before the trek. I did not realize that some madness would lead me and many of my friends to walk the entire 24 miles.

When the appointed Saturday arrived, all manners of people were assembled in Rock Creek Park. At the wooden stalls where we left the duplicate halves of our trek cards, someone tied red crepe paper around our wrists to identify us as walkers.

Mayor Walter Washington addressed the group briefly before the walk officially began. He was greeted by enthusiastic applause. The mayor admitted to the walkers that the actual 24-mile walk ". . . just isn't my bag. But . . ." he continued intently: ". . . I **had** to get here this morning." He sent us off with the knowledge that ". . . what everybody wants in the American Dream is a piece of the action. . . ."

The black and white, old and young, thin and fat, suburban and inner-city residents all got a "piece of the action" that day, and it was about 24 miles long. There were track stars, dignitaries, mountain-climbers, photographers (amateur

"Some persons pledged money per mile enthusiastically, assuming we students would only walk 4 or 5 miles, but at a dollar a mile . . . well!"





"At each checkpoint, trek cards were stamped and we rested

and professional), bell-ringers, a boy on crutches and a psychiatrist, all 2000 of us walking for the development of Africa and America.

The photographer for YOUTH began taking pictures of the energetic people who started down the first hill with long strides. Most of the walkers chatted happily and laughed at the wonderful feeling of purpose that we shared. A few park policemen cruised by in their light green police cars. It was comforting to know that we could have rides back to the beginning if we got too tired.

A couple of track stars claimed they were going to run all the way. A junior from Anacostia High School strutted by in a red track suit. He informed me quite seriously that he was going to run the whole 24-mile stretch. When I asked him why he was not running,

he said that he did not yet know where to go. The rest of us smiled tolerantly at the racers as we made it up the first ominous hill.

A group of my classmates and I got into a chorus line and sang portions of the great classic "Bottles of Beer On the Wall" as we went downhill. Our merriment decreased as we approached another steep hill.

There were 18 checkpoints along the trek path. At each checkpoint our trek cards were stamped with a miniature foot ("sole power") to record the number of miles walked. The checkpoints also acted as rest stops every two to four miles. Later in the day we were to lunch on the grounds of the National Cathedral. I began to wish I were a well-conditioned mountain climber like Mrs. Esther Nicholson of Long Island, who was 77 years old

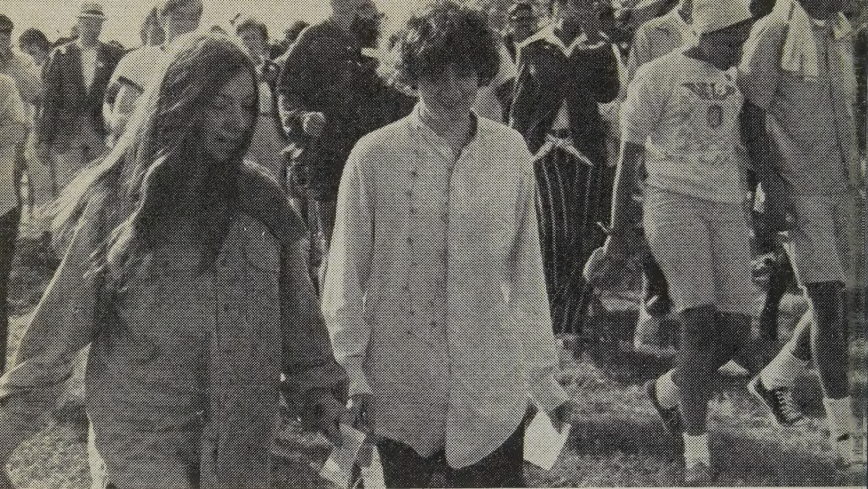


"I did not realize that some madness would lead me and many of my friends to walk the entire 24 miles."

Miss Gale Lawrence, Miss Susan
e, and Miss Joan Reinthaler,
English, science and math teachers,
respectively, set a fast pace for
their participating students. With
intermined and possibly frozen
hills, Rosemary Wyant and I
added for miles and miles after
the swift-footed trio. At the check-
points, we would stop for a drink
of water and a handful of "gorp."
According to Miss Reinthaler,
"gorp" is the great energy-manu-

facturer of mountain climbers. It
consisted of peanuts, raisins, and
small chocolate candies. One ex-
citing handful was all I needed.

After a lunch of peanut butter
and jelly sandwiches and drinks sup-
plied by Giant Food and some of
the African embassies, we recom-
menced our effort. Rosemary and
I were a bit too weary to maintain
the pace set by our energetic
teachers. We spent six of the last
eight aching miles trying to catch



"We got new energy when we saw Ralph on crutches still going

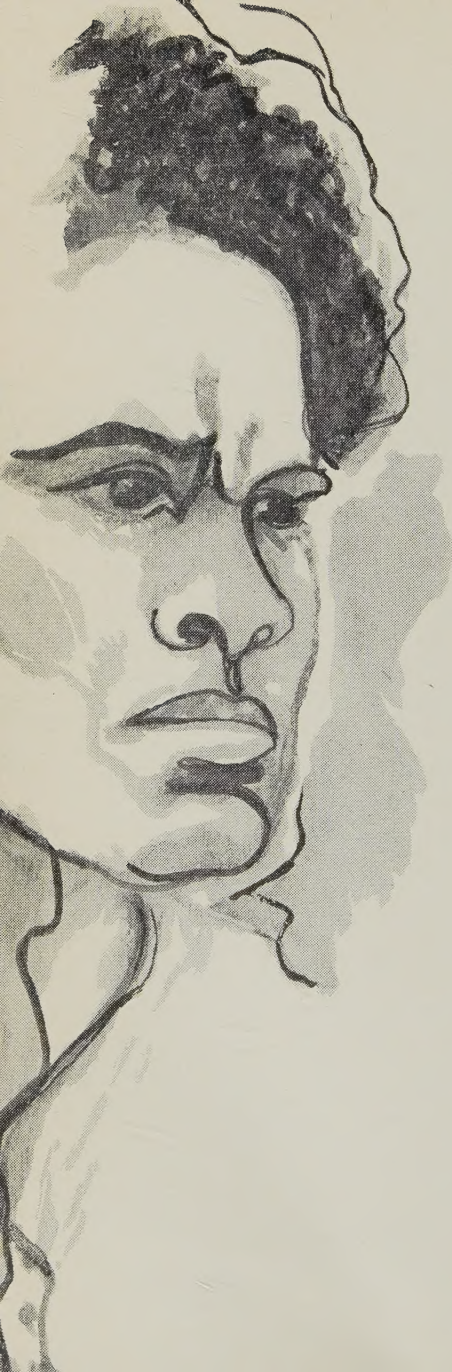
up with them, only to discover that they had dropped out at 18 miles.

Poor Rosy and I spent the last four miles asking ourselves why we were walking 24 miles on a hot spring day, and promptly answering our own questions. We were certain that we had earned enough money for that day. We became philosophical, and discussed in great detail the fact that we no longer knew how to walk. Walking no longer consisted of the miraculous stretch - muscles - in - upper - thigh followed by the natural lift - the - upper - leg - and - bend - the - knee followed by the subtle relax - the - muscles - and - set - the - heel - of - foot - on - the - ground followed by the casual roll - from - heel - of - foot - to - ball - of - foot to a repeat of the whole process. Oh no. We just plodded mechanically down the

dirt path. We sounded as flat-footed as shoe boxes. In fact, we felt as flat-footed as shoe boxes. We had lost all sense of competition until Lisa and Ralph came in view. Ralph was on crutches patiently working his way up another steep hill. At this point, Rosemary and I gained enough enthusiasm from their persistence to finish.

For the last mile, Rosy and I laughed and limped with determination and deadly paces. A boy walking back told us we had one-half mile. We were, at this point, looking for park policemen to give us rides—preferably all the way home. We made it, though limping joyfully up the last gentle hill to be greeted by the applause of so many others who had walked 24 miles for the sake of Africa, America and themselves, and earning a total of \$15,000 that day.






■ I even burn because you're asking. Like you should know. But how could you, unless you're black? There are white folks say they know but they don't.

I'm 16 next month, and that's when I'm cutting out. My birthday comes on a Tuesday, and I'm giving myself a present. I'm going to civics class and hang around till the woman asks me a question like on the Constitution or something. I'll say I don't know and she'll say, "What's the matter Cobb? Didn't do your homework?"

WH



again?" I'll say, "No," and she'll
say, "No, Ma'am." And then I'll
stand up and say, "Hell no, I won't
do 'Ma'am'." And then I'll turn
and walk right out of the room
with a smile as big as my hand.
And nobody is going to stop me
because I'm 16.

Some guys I know going to quit
school from the time they start
n kindergarten. That wasn't me. I
was always going to graduate from
high school—have my picture up
here on the shelf by my brother's.
When I was ten years old, I even

thought about going on to college.
I mean, I had dreams. I was going
to be a lawyer and represent the
poor folks, see. Then I got wise.
Mostly I just listened. I listened to
Justin, my brother. I listened to
my cousin and uncles—the men
downstairs at the bar and the guys
out there digging up the street. I
learned by my ears, and I got wise.

Justin was the bright one in our
family. He graduated from high
school—B's and C's all the way.
Took a business course along with
the whites and did real good.

I'M NOT GOING ON

AS TOLD TO PHYLLIS NAYLOR

After he graduated he was hired by the big department store over on Twenty-third, along with four other white guys from his class. Three of them went into the business office, one of them was made clerk in hardware, and you know what became of Justin? Stock boy.

But he didn't have sense enough to get out. "Gotta prove myself first" he'd say. "Then they'll promote me." So he worked like a big black dog—overtime—Saturday nights—whenever they whistled, Justin came running. Other guys would be hired, work their way up, but not Justin. Now three of the guys that were hired with Justin are big wheels in payroll, one's manager of men's sportswear, and Justin finally got his "promotion"—he's a clerk in the shoe department, bargain basement.

My cousin's an even bigger dope. He went to the City College and got a degree in engineering—only one of our relatives ever went to college. He was hired into an engineering firm, all right. Sits right there in the front office so everybody can see the company's "integrated"—even though he's the only black in it. All day long, for a year and a half, now—he does routine paper work—a sort of male secretary. Once, when one of the other guys was working on an engineering problem he couldn't solve, Marty tells the boss he thinks he can work it out. But does the Man give him a chance? "I know

you can, Marty," he says. "but you'd better stick to your own work. I wouldn't want to offend Ed." As though Marty hasn't got any feelings to offend, you know. Like he feels just great sitting up there, with a degree in engineering, filling orders.

So why should I sit around school just getting older for a two-bit job that won't pay? Look, I can get a trucking job when I'm 18, start out making more than either Justin or Marty. Till then? Who knows? Stock boy in the supermarket, maybe. Justin went all the way through high school to be a stock boy. I might as well begin now and get some money.

Sure. I'm bitter. Whitey makes you take the back seat all your life and then says, "You're bitter." like he's surprised or something. He thinks now we got our "Civil Rights" we should be real happy. Only he wouldn't want to trade places with us. Discrimination comes in a thousand ways you can't hardly see. Only black people go looking for it. Like Marty tells it. Sometimes the guys in his office go to a restaurant for lunch—a real smart place with two dining rooms—a carpeted one in front, one in back not quite so nice. And a

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The tables in the first room have reserved signs on them. When Marty goes along, the manager tells them all the tables in the first room are reserved and takes them to the back. But when Marty stays behind, he found out, the guys get to sit at a reserved table even though they don't have reservations. It's all over like that—a hundred ways. Don't have to be a genius to figure out how to get around segregation. A black man is the first to be hired and the first laid off. Doesn't do him no good to pick up a skilled trade, 'cause the unions are all locked up. If he's "lucky," like Marty, he gets hired by the NAACP won't pick it, but sits there in a showcase without anything important to do, knowing it's for show, and everybody else in the office knows it, too.

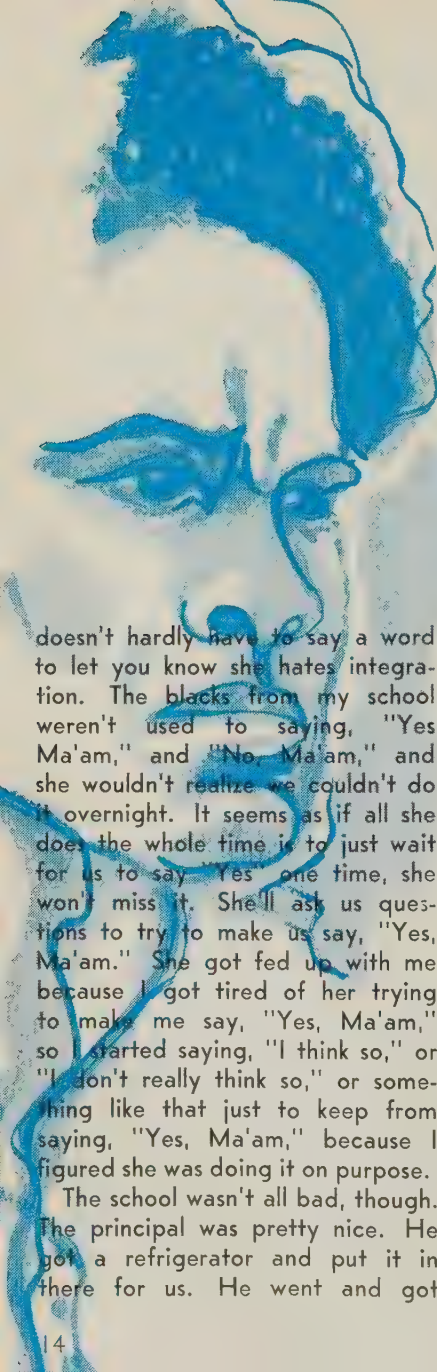
So you tell me if it's smart to go to high school. My family needs the money right now, so I might as well start making it if I can. Mom's a clean-up woman in the grill down the street and Dad isn't working 'cause his tuberculosis flares up on

and off. Justin's married now, so it just leaves me and three sisters, and the first thing all of us want is to get out of where we're at—two rooms in a building that's falling apart, and a bath we share with three other families.

Yesterday a social worker came by. She didn't have any promises about a job if I graduate, but she said I ought to stay in school for the social life—I was so young and everything. That's a social worker for you—all heart and no head. What kind of life does she think I have in a white school, anyway?

Before they integrated the schools, I used to pass three white schools on my way to the black school. My feet used to hurt so bad in Justin's old shoes that by the time I got there, I couldn't even go out for recess. When I got to junior high and high school, though, whites and blacks went together, and I thought, man, now I'm going to get some learning!

I learned okay. I learned how dog-mean whites can be without it really showing. Miss Schuster



doesn't hardly have to say a word to let you know she hates integration. The blacks from my school weren't used to saying, "Yes Ma'am," and "No, Ma'am," and she wouldn't realize we couldn't do it overnight. It seems as if all she does the whole time is to just wait for us to say "Yes" one time, she won't miss it. She'll ask us questions to try to make us say, "Yes, Ma'am." She got fed up with me because I got tired of her trying to make me say, "Yes, Ma'am," so I started saying, "I think so," or "I don't really think so," or something like that just to keep from saying, "Yes, Ma'am," because I figured she was doing it on purpose.

The school wasn't all bad, though. The principal was pretty nice. He got a refrigerator and put it in there for us. He went and got

drinks for us, and every morning he'd ask what we'd want—milk or orange drink or something; he'd go out of his way to get it for us.

I never did get to feeling good with the white kids. At school they joke around and everything, and act sort of like buddies, but then if you see them on the street, they look the other way and won't even speak. That's the kind of thing that bothers you.

No matter what color you are you have to have some money to have any kind of social life in high school. If you go to games and stuff you have to buy a season athletic pass, and every time you turn around there's money for a field trip or gym trunks or something for a science project. Or the teacher decides to change textbooks some semester and you can't buy used books anymore, you've got to buy new. To the whites this is pocket money. They don't even miss it. For us here in the ghetto, a new book means no meat for supper that night, or your sister has to wait another week before she can get her teeth filled.

I go to school and see the clothes the guys wear—the twenty-dollar shoes and the latest shirts and . . . Some of them even got their own cars. And then I look down at Justin's old pants that were Mart's before he got them, and buy . . . Here some cat's got a Mustang of his own and I don't even have a pair of pants that fit right.

Even if I did stay in school, I might not graduate—at least the way my grades are right now. I was ahead of my class in the black school, but now I'm behind. We didn't go so fast as the white school does, and all us were behind when we came in. A couple teachers are pretty nice about asking do we want extra help and all. But some of them get a real charge out of going so fast we can't keep up. You ask them to go over something again, and they give you that sick smile, like, "I knew you couldn't make it, Cobb."

I don't need school, because I can't use it. No sense learning to type if I can only get a job pushing a broom. No sense learning accounting if I'll never get further than a cash register in a bargain basement. And when it comes to learning about poetry when we don't even have a decent place in the apartment we can set a book the rats won't get it, or memorize the Bill of Rights, which Whitey keeps figuring out ways to keep us from getting, then school's nothing but a make-believe land. That's all!

You can't beat it, you know. Two whites talking on the subway last week. One says, "If the Negroes really want equality, let them clean up their homes and educate their kids and act like civilized Americans. When the black race proves it's equal, it'll get equality, not before."

It's not enough, see, that Mom

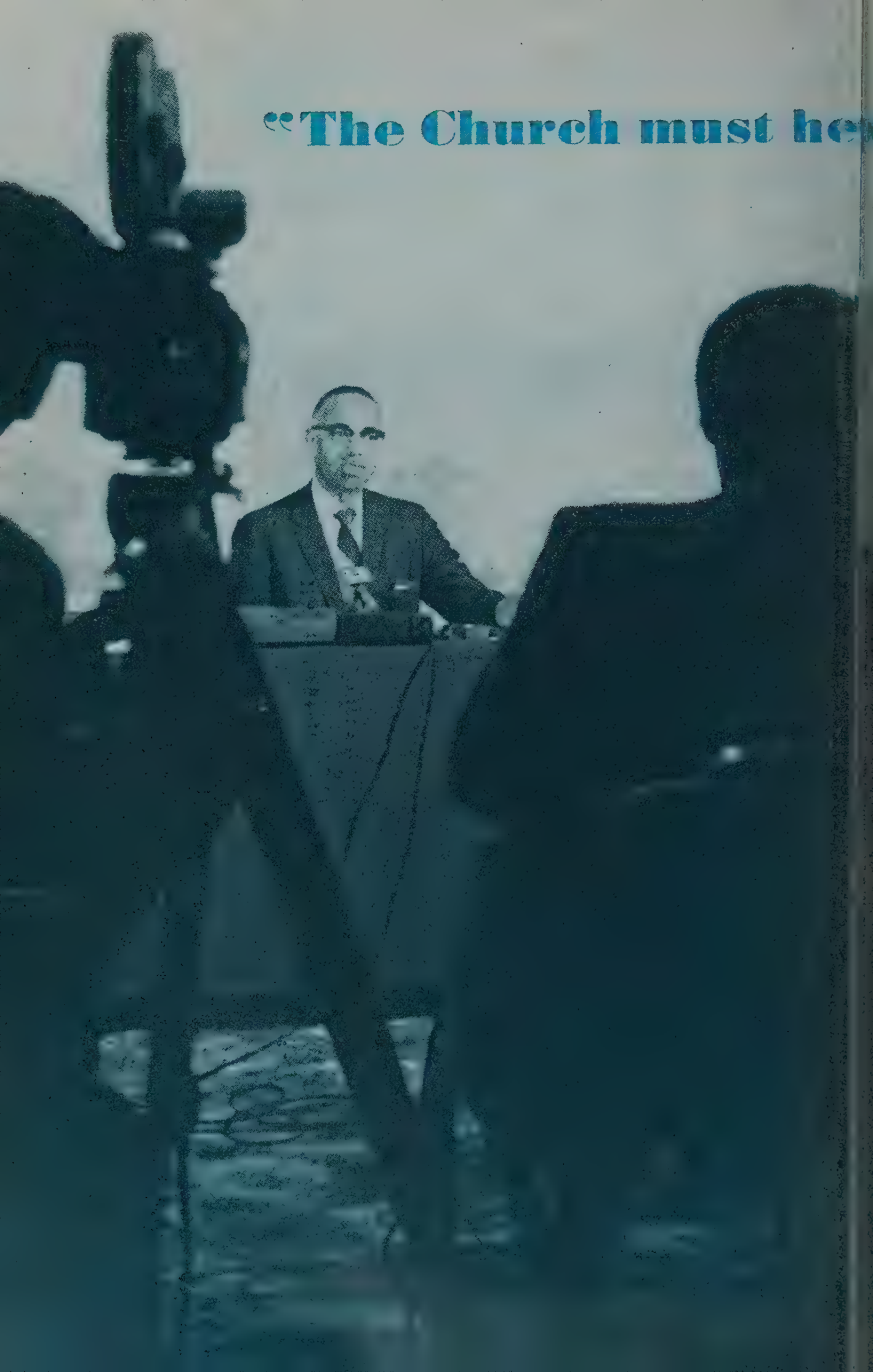
keeps our two rooms as clean as you can expect, with plaster falling down all over everything. It isn't enough that Justin graduated from high school and Marty went to college, or that not one single member in our family ever been in a riot. Before the Cobbs can be "equal," we got to see that every black man in America keeps his house clean and sends his kids to school and keeps out of trouble. Try telling Whitey he can't move to no better house unless every white man in America improves himself!

But I got news. Even if we could—even if all blacks were to improve themselves tomorrow—it wouldn't change anything. There would be some other excuse to hate, because prejudice don't have any reasons. It's just a feeling that you have to keep somebody else low to make your own self look high.

We got our eyes open in the ghetto. We see what it's all about. You aren't going to make us dream no dreams about school getting us better jobs and then turn us into low-pay shoe clerks like Justin, or front-office niggers like Marty.

School's for somebody, but it's not us.

"The Church must he



People to put first things first"

A national Baptist leader observes that because we've got our priorities all mixed up, the nation is suffering from deeply-rooted problems, especially among young people, both in the ghettos and in the suburbs . . .

Reporters from the TV news and big-city papers were eager to ask him the headline questions about Vietnam, the Black Manifesto, the youth rebellion, and what the church should be doing about it all. I just sat back and waited my turn. The man in the spotlight was Dr. Thomas Kilgore, Jr., pastor of the 2200-member Second Baptist Church of Los Angeles, Calif. But what made him newsworthy to the reporters was that he is the first black president of the American Baptist Convention, whose million-and-a-half membership in 6200 churches spread over 40 states is predominantly white.

"My concern about the Vietnam war is what is happening to our own morality as a great country," Dr. Kilgore began. "In terms of a moral commitment, I think the President sincerely feels that we cannot afford to pull out of Vietnam hastily and permit the Communists to take over completely in a totally devastating way."

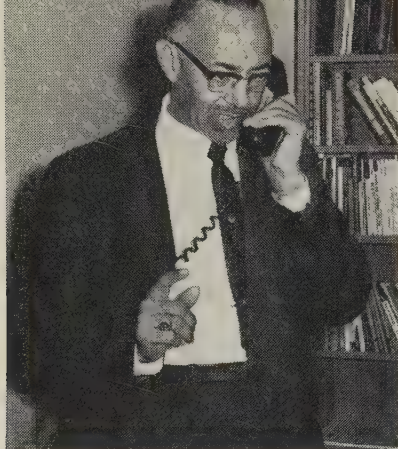
Yet, Dr. Kilgore noted, we are friendly with communist governments in East Europe and are hopeful of being able to live with differing ideologies. "Our remaining in Vietnam to contain communism is

fallacious and our assertion of fighting for democracy forces us to face the truth that there is not a democratic government in South Vietnam. It is a military dictatorship. Are we fighting against communism and at the same time supporting corruption? We must face the fact that grounds for civil conflict between North and South Vietnam have existed for a long time.

"I believe mankind has reached the point where, if it wants to, it can solve problems without killing the flower of its youth. When we fight in Vietnam, we are not considering the vast human and economic losses that cannot be justified. We are told by the military there is no way of winning the war. . . . I feel there are other areas that can be explored that might get us out of this quicker than a secret timetable that the President seems to be relying on now."

The reporters next asked about the Black Manifesto.

"One thing that the Forman manifesto and the statements of the Black Economic Development Conference have done for the churches in this country has been to stimulate a kind of introspection and dialogue within the churches that we haven't



"Because God is alive, the black man and the white man can live and can live together. This is a theology of hope, and America needs to listen to it."

had in a long time. The churches are studying their inward operations and trying to decide whether they have really met the needs of the poor people. Perhaps in the true perspective of history, it may be that this will have done more good for the churches today than many of the revivals being carried on."

But isn't the demand for millions unrealistic?

"When Mr. Forman asks for 500 million dollars, this is just a drop in the bucket considering the major things that are needed in this country to fight poverty. In the area of economic development, the black communities want to do things for themselves. And so what the denominations can do is simply serve as enablers to get things going so

that these black communities can develop themselves."

One reporter wondered about the Forman approach—"he's *demanding* rather than *suggesting*."

"There comes a time when we have to talk in terms of demand and not in terms of suggestion, because the power structures in establishments do not understand suggestions. Of course, there are other things about the manifest that did disturb me, such as certain of its rhetoric with its illusions to black take-over, to violence, and Marxism as our complete form of government. I just don't believe in a total black take-over. I believe in a pluralistic society in which every individual in that society emerges according to his capabilities and makes his contribution. I do not believe in black supremacy any more than I believe in white supremacy."

As for violence, Dr. Kilgore said, "I'll never give up on the non-violent approach. I see no hope in militant confrontation." As a pacifist, Dr. Kilgore has a long history of peace movements, voter registration drives, organizing tobacco workers in North Carolina, supervising the New York office of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and helping the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. plan the 1963 march on Washington, D.C.

"What do you see the role of organized religion in the development of social change?" another reporter asked.

"This question comes up all the time," Dr. Kilgore acknowledged. "Is the role of the church to preach

and conduct worship or is the role of the church to get enmeshed in the problems of society? I think it's both. The church must serve as priest, carrying out its necessary religious functions. It must also be prophetic in looking at the problems of society. And then it must be committed to involvement. Churches must enhance their own servant image—their own Christ image. One of the things that has happened in this country is that our strong denominations have taken on a corporate image, rather than a servant image.

"Therefore, I think we are responsible for serving as catalysts to let the private sector and the government interested in helping where people are hurting."

"In the ecumenical movement," a TV man asked, "do you see a time when there won't be any denominational hassles?"

"I cannot conceive of any time that we are going to have one great monolithic church. We are going to continue to have the various expressions of a Christian church, but I do think that the circumstances of society are going to continue to lead us to do many more things cooperatively."

Referring to recent meetings of the National Council of Churches, a reporter noted that there was an effort toward electing black leadership to top positions.

"Black leadership is needed at many points, but I would hesitate to see a complete swing to blackness at the expense of understanding that other people have problems besides black people. Where any

national church movement is concerned, we must minister to the needs of all the people. We have some other segments of our society that are in dire trouble, such as the affluent suburbs. The church has to serve these areas, too. And so, I'd rather see a black and white team ministry."

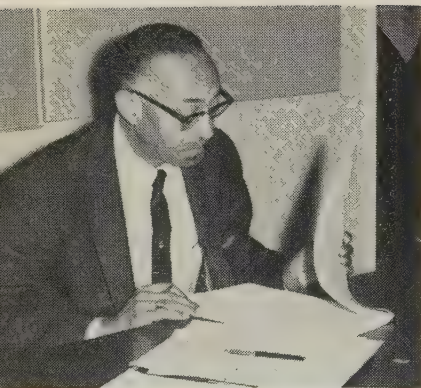
"Troubles in the suburbs?" I asked.

"Yes, in the suburbs you have so many people who have all the material things they need and yet there's another kind of grounding in real living that they don't have. This is the kind of problem we have to take into consideration as well as the poor people in the ghettos who have nothing but who may have more spirit for really living."

"What can the church do?"

"I think the church must put on a massive drive to help people reorder their priorities. Now this always brings me back to the war situation, because I think many of the things that are happening to young people now—this whole spirit of 'what's-the-use?'—grows out of the fact that we keep a war hanging over our heads. The church ought to move in and begin with our top

"No problem can be adequately solved by violence. True human beings and children of God will find other ways of solving their problems than by killing."



"If the Christian church in America is to take up the suffering servant role taught by Jesus, black people will have something to contribute, for we know what suffering means."

problem—which is the war—and get our values straight."

"Dr. Kilgore," a religion editor observed, "there has been concern expressed about the increasing nudity, sex and violence in the movies and other media. Should the modern church be responding to this in any way?"

"Here again, if we move in the direction of helping people to get their values straightened out, there'll not be such a need for pornography and all of these things. This is a symptom of something that is much more deep-seated than someone who simply wants to look at lurid pictures. It's a symptom of something that is terribly wrong at the root of our society. It's emphasized

in the fact that we spend 32 billion dollars a year in prosecuting a war and we spend 24 billion dollars to put two men on the moon to bring back a bag of rocks, and then we have eight million people who go hungry every day and about 40 million people who live in sub-standard housing in the richest country in the world. I think these are symptoms of mixed-up priorities and values. Let's put first things first."

A reporter suggested they shift the direction of questioning to youth.

"Sir, it's been shown that young people today have been turned off by conventional, organized religion. What's the church doing about it?"

"One of the things that's happened in our churches—more in the white churches than in the black churches—is that we've sort of frozen young people out, and their kind of life style has been shunned by the church. In effect, we've been making young people choose between the church and life."

"Now some of the churches are beginning to understand that young people can exercise themselves. We're beginning, for example, to experiment with new forms of worship, such as folk masses. You know, if you listen to many of these songs which the popular song writers are singing and writing now, they have a deep theological message. Many of the songs talk about love—and not that Hollywoodish kind of love. They're talking about real love."

"So I think the churches are becoming conscious of the fact that first, young people must be a part of the church and help determine

We have had civilization long enough to know how to settle our problems without killing our youth. Perhaps it would be a good idea to reverse the order of the draft. Start at age 65 and come down. Perhaps those 65-year-olds would be more forthright in refusing to fight."

destiny and, secondly, they must be free within the church to do one of the things that young people like to do. And this is a useful sign."

"How do you react," I asked, "Dr. Gore, to those who say that there is a spiritual revival among youth outside the church as evidenced by their interest in Eastern mysticism, tarot cards, astrology, and this kind of thing?"

"I feel very definitely that this is their search to find reality that inevitably comes to young people at one point or another. Having seen such gross irrelevancies in the churches—and this is unfortunate—many youth have concluded that it's not there. And so they seek it elsewhere. At the same time I say that, however, I feel that this may be a most promising hour for the church."

"When I see 400,000 youth gathered on a farm in New York in this kind of gathering they had never been in this great pop conference, I am saying something to the church. And I have hope when I receive a letter from a 16-year-old fellow who attended one of these meetings in California and who says that when he went there he saw these young people thirsting for some-

thing real and felt here was a vast opportunity for the church, even if it's only *talking* with these youth."

"Outside of the militant, nihilistic revolution among some youth, there is another revolution of youth searching for meaning in life. I think, however, some of them are making a terrible mistake in involving dope and free sex in it. But beyond that, history may well judge that young people today may be leading us out of some of the wildernesses we are now in."

"What groups of youth are you describing?" one questioner asked for clarification.

"In the broad spectrum of youth, there are perhaps four groups. First, there are the black militants who have various expressions of their thing, but basically I think theirs is —though some would say it's not— to get into the society and to be part of it. Secondly, you have the white militants who say society is no good, let's tear it down, and start one all over again. Thirdly, there's a large group of youth who don't seem to care about society the way it is and they're looking for something that's worth living for through music, or drugs, or politics, or other things. Finally, there's an apathetic group—both among black

and white—who are caught in the same kind of hole that has trapped their elders and they aren't reacting to anything."

At this point, the newsmen were getting restless to get to their telephones and typewriters. They thanked Dr. Kilgore for his time. After they left, I cornered him and we chatted informally for a few more minutes.

"I'd like to push you a little more on the church's disenchanted youth."

He paused, then responded. "I still have hope that the church is flexible enough to understand what's happening to youth. We live in a period of history that in many ways is vastly different than any other. It actually may be the first time that young people have more

knowledge than their elders. I think we are wrong to sternly judge young people now and to say that they are not going according to custom, because in a sense we've never known before that they're a new generation.

"Having said that, I think we must first raise our questions with our institutions before we raise questions about the loyalty and morality of the young people. We've got to raise the questions. To what extent are our institutions staid, worn out, inflexible, and not creative? Once we've done that, then we can deal with youth in the light of their position, as young people in a new kind of society we've never had before."

"Who takes the initiative, youth or the adults?" I asked.

"The more I deal with youth, the more I can hear them saying: 'We have some things to do together, but you must listen to us and understand that we have something to say. And we're not playing games anymore. We're telling you what we do.' And when the youth say that they do not mean disrespect. At one time, I felt it was disrespectful, but it is not. It simply says that as a young person today I am living in an age now in which I mature more readily and much faster than you matured. Therefore, there must be some sort of compromise."

"Unfortunately, what's happening in many churches across the country is that we have the unbending, uncompromising attitudes and mindsets of adults who still think that young people growing up today are

"Our churches should establish some experimental schools in the ghettos to prove that valid teaching can be done there."





"If we create an atmosphere within the church where young people feel free to express themselves, you'll find youth leadership emerging in our churches."

me as when they grew up and is not true."

"How do you get youth involved in your own church in Los Angeles?" I asked, knowing that he has a staff of 40 employees of whom many are full-time.

"The problem is that youth in the church mistrust older people in the church just as youth in society mistrust older people in society. In our Los Angeles church, we got a very receptive person to work with our youth. He began to deal with day-to-day issues and was even critical of the church. His class of young people is now so big we hardly have space for them. . . . And we've started small confrontation groups which include all ages in our church. They've been open and honest."

"Dr. Kilgore, as a pastor to youth, what unique thing do you feel the gospel has to say to them?"

"That true life is found first in

one's right relationship to his Maker, God, and, secondly, in one's meaningful relationships with people. On the first part, I'm not sure youth take this into account. I think on the second score many youth today have us adults beat—their people relationships are often more meaningful and more creative. And I think the gospel must say this to all youth. But first there must be a right adjustment with God—to know that God is first."

"But what if they don't believe in God, yet have good people relationships?" I asked. "How do you get this kind of theological discussion with youth?"

"I think young people are seeking for honesty from adults. Once you have honesty, I believe we can talk about things that are deeply theological. And they'll seek it and grasp it. But in so many instances, youth have not found this honesty."

LUTHER

FROM INNER CITY

LEFT OVERS
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN • BLACK POWER • CRIME
OPEN HOUSING • WAR ON POVERTY
EDUCATION
DOVES & HAWKS



BY BRUMSIC BRANDON, JR.

Brumsic Brandon, Jr. was a veteran film animator and cartoonist when he started his comic strip "Luther," in the New York-based "Manhattan Tribune." Soon it became a regular feature in "Newsday" on Long Island. Now it is winning a wide audience throughout the U.S. The cartoons appearing on these pages are reprinted by permission from a book, "Luther from Inner City," published by Paul S. Eriksson, New York (\$1.95).

HERE ARE THREE
BROKEN WINDOWS
IN OUR APARTMENT!



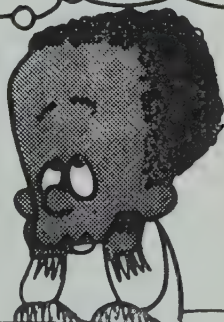
THERE'S A BIG HOLE
IN THE BATHROOM
CEILING!



HERE'S
A
CRACK
IN THE
WALL
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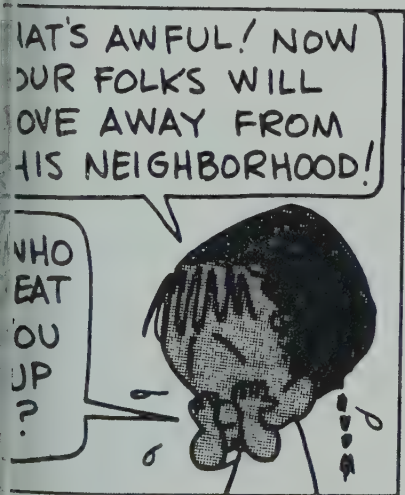
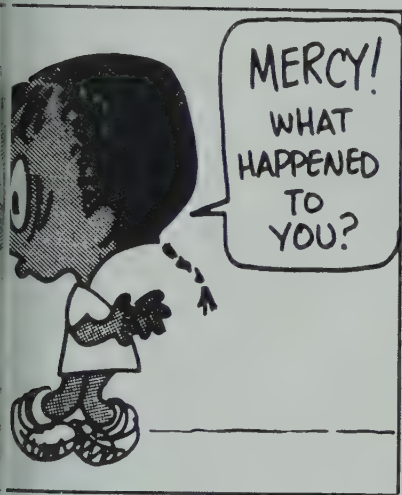


I WONDER IF THAT'S
THE OPEN HOUSING I
HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT!



9
LONDON JR









"When I feel as though I am going to b

■ Twenty-five dollars will be given to each young person whose piece of creative work is reproduced in our 1970 Creative Arts Issues(s) of YOUTH magazine. Entries may be made in the following categories:

CREATIVE WRITING / We welcome any type of creative writing you wish to submit—poetry, fiction, essay, editorial, humor, satire, true-to-story, drama, whatever you feel like writing. Creative Writing entries will NOT be returned.

ART WORK / You may submit any type of art work which can be reproduced in YOUTH magazine. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, prints, gags, editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, or abstract art—any art expression of your own ideas or feelings. Due to mailing limitations, the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" x 15" or smaller than 4" x 5".

PHOTOS / Send us a black and white print of the photo you wish to submit. There is no limitation on subject matter. The print should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5" in size.

SCULPTURE / If you've done a sculpture, mobile, paper folding, or wood carving which you'd like to submit, send us one photo or a group of photos which best present all the dimensions of your work.

■ Here are the rules and guidelines:

1. You must be younger than 20 years of age.
2. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something done as a school assignment, something done for your own enjoyment, or something done especially for the competition—but it must be **YOURS**.
3. Each person may submit a total of five entries.
4. Each entry must be identified with the title of the work, your name, your age, your home address (street, city, and state). We would also be interested in knowing your local church affiliation.
5. **CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES WILL NOT BE RETURNED**—so please make sure you keep a copy of your work(s) for yourself.
6. All contributions must be mailed by no later than May 1, 1970.

Send your original pieces of creative expression to **CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH Magazine, Room 806, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102**. After the judging is completed, all entries, other than Creative Writing, will be returned.

***...because I have so much feeling
...de me, I use words to express myself..."***

Note Chris Rice, in explaining her entry in our 1969 Creative Arts competition. Chris added, "'Waiting' shows what an idealist and a dreamer I am. I guess if my mother were to read it, she would say, 'Where you go again—waiting for me to bring you what you have to achieve yourself.'"

We feel Chris' poem is a valid and beautiful statement; she has shared part of herself and we believe many of you will understand and identify with what she is saying.

And, we would, at this time, like to invite all of you to consider sharing part of **yourself** with us and with the other readers of YOUTH by entering our 1970 Creative Arts competition. The rules appear on the opposite page.

WAITING

*I'm still waiting for my baby fat to
become slender curves.*

*I'm still waiting for my awkward move-
ments to become graceful.*

*I'm still waiting to turn from an ugly
duckling to a swan.*

I'm still waiting for my first kiss.

I'm still waiting for my first date.

*I'm still waiting for Prince Charming
to come and take me in his arms
and bring me on his white horse to
his beautiful castle in Never-Never
Land.*

*I'm still waiting
and waiting
and waiting.*

—Christine Rice, 16
Rivervale, N.J.





CONTENTMENT

*I surrender to affection and loving compassion;
With arms extended in total acceptance, I embrace my brother;
I give all my love away and find my soul;
My hell disappears;
I am content;
My heart is filled with heaven.*

by Russell O. Litchfield
San Diego, California